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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

MAY 1925

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The Pool of the Four Winds

By PHILLIPPA FRANCKLYN

"LOOK, Bertie," cried Netta Clarke to her brother; "look right down there. We can see right into the Pool of the Four Winds." She was standing at the edge of the cliff that fell sheer down to the swirling pool far below. It was rather a perilous standing-place, but Netta had lived most of her life in the Canadian woods, and did not know what it was to be nervous.

"I say," exclaimed Bertie, climbing out on a fallen tree trunk that jutted out from the top of the cliff, "let's go down close. There's a trail leading right down; see it zigzagging across the cliff. I am awfully glad father came to this camp, aren't you?"

"I sure am," replied Netta. "It's ever so much nicer than our old summer camp. Come, let's hurry." They ran off down the trail, pausing a minute as they passed the camp to tell their mother where they were going. "Where is the Pool of the Four Winds?" she asked.

"Just at the bottom of the cliffs, and three streams run into it and one falls out over the rocks. It is ever so lovely a place."

"And the logs go round and round in the centre," cried Bertie, as he hurried after his sister.

"Don't get into any danger," their mother called after them.

"All right, mother," they shrieked in chorus as they slipped carefully over the top of the cliff and scrambled down to the trail.

It was rather difficult to climb down, but in the end the children reached a ledge about a third of the way down and looked into the deep, swirling waters dashing madly downhill until they united by falling out of the pool created a strong circular current in it that swept about a dozen logs round and round.

"There are some more logs coming down the biggest stream," cried Bertie. "Look how they are racing through the white water of the falls. There's something on the last log—something black. I wonder what it is."

"Let's get down closer," said Netta, running lightly along the ledge and dropping carefully to another about two feet below. There were plenty of short bushes growing out of the crevices, and in a few minutes the two were standing just over the place where the biggest stream rushed into the pool. The logs had almost all passed, but the last one had caught on the point of a rock and swayed about with the rush of the waters.

"It's a wee baby bear clinging to the log," exclaimed Bertie.

"I don't think it is a baby bear," said Netta, gazing anxiously at the swaying log; "I think it is a little Indian boy."

Just then the log swung loose from the pointed rock and came rushing into the pool, circling around after the others. Netta was quite right. It was a small Indian boy, who clung desperately with both hands to a piece of rope that was fastened around the log.

Netta and Bertie watched the log with fascinated eyes. It was driven around with the current, but every now and then some of the circling logs would break away, and, rushing close to a jutting point of the cliff, would almost graze it, and then rush down to the waterfall that led out from the pool.

"If we went on to that point and waited, we could get hold of the log."

"We haven't a pike pole to catch it with," said Netta. "We couldn't stop the log unless we had. Still, we might go down there and see. I suppose one of us wouldn't have time to go back to the camp and get a rope."

Bertie shook his head; then he dived his hand inside his shirt and drew out a rolled-up fishing line. "This is very strong. If we tied a stone to it, and flung it over the log when it comes close to the point, we might do something."

"We might," replied Netta, as they climbed swiftly round the cliff, terribly afraid that the log might be past before they could reach the spot.

They had hardly reached the point when they saw the log with the Indian boy detach itself from the rest and drift slowly towards them. They dashed along, scrambling over and under rocks and bushes, and landed with a jump on the point, just in time to see the log sway off for another circuit of the pool.

The Indian boy saw them, and gave an agonized howl of grief as the log swayed away.

"We'll save you next time," yelled Bertie, who was busy tying a stone to the end of the line and getting it ready to throw the next time the log passed. The other end he tied securely to the stump of a bush growing close at hand. Then he and Netta stood waiting. The log circled around the centre of the pool for several turns, and then shot out and came in a direct line for the point. "Get ready," yelled Bertie.

The Indian boy looked at him with anxious eyes as he swung the stone around and around and then let go. It fell right across the log, and instantly the Indian boy had grabbed it with both hands and was fastening it to the rope. Netta and Bertie also caught hold of the line, and in a few minutes the log, checked in its course, tried to sway loose, but instead, it was drawn close to the point, and the boy scrambled weakly on shore.

"My word," he grunted. "Me plenty sore; me plenty hungry. No grub—nothing—plenty days. Log jump, jump, run all the time; me hungry."

"Come along," said Netta; "my mother'll give you plenty grub. Our camp is on the top of the cliffs."

They soon had the little boy at the camp, and Mrs. Clarke was almost afraid to let him have as much food as he wanted; but Mr. Clarke laughed, and said Indians could eat as much as they liked and it would not do them any harm, even if they were starving. So he had just as much as he could eat, and then promptly went to sleep.

That evening, a tired Indian came hurrying down the trail, and when they asked him what he wanted, he said he was looking for his little son, who had been playing on some logs when the "jam" broke up, and he was carried away.

"We've got him," cried Bertie, diving into a shed and bringing out the sleepy little boy.

"Him Little Musquash all right," announced the father, as he slung the little boy on his shoulder and turned back along the trail. "Me heap pleased you save him. Heap pleased. Tank you."

"Tank you!" shrieked Little Musquash. "Me come again; more plenty grub," he added, as they vanished among the trees.

But although the Clarkes expected Little Musquash to come again, they saw nothing more of the Indian and his boy all through the weeks that followed. Then one day Bertie and Netta, out on an exploring trip on their own, missed their trail, and found

that they were going in the wrong direction.

"Whatever shall we do?" asked Netta, standing still and looking around her, hoping that she might see some familiar landmark. "I'm sure we ought to be going uphill instead of down."

"Let's retrace our steps, and see if we can strike the right path. We can't be very far from the camp. I'm sure I hear the sound of something."

"It's a bear!" cried Netta. "It's just behind you, and—and we're in its way. Perhaps it has a baby bear somewhere near us."

"I hope it hasn't, or else it'll chew us up in no time."

"Let's get out of its way. We could climb these tree trunks, and the bear would walk past us."

They climbed over the fallen tree trunks, and then up on top of the tallest, almost afraid to breathe for fear the bear should hear them and make straight for their hiding-place. The bear turned over stones to find insects, and gathered great mouthfuls of berries from several bushes; but it showed no intention of passing on and letting Netta and Bertie go free. The sun began to decline, and then it set, and the case seemed to be desperate.

"I'll never go into the woods again without blazing a trail—never," announced Bertie, as he looked down at the bear, who was intent upon licking up some insects. "I wish the old brute would go on."



"But even then we don't know our way."

"I'm going to call," said Bertie; "perhaps some one might hear us. I don't care if that old bear does hear us. I'm much more scared of sitting here all night than I am of the bear."

"I'm every bit as scared as I can be; I sure am," said Netta disconsolately. "What's that? Another bear?"

"It's only a cracking twig, and a rabbit bolting past. Gee whiskers! Why, there's Little Musquash!—Musquash!" he called softly.

The little Indian crept softly up to where they sat.

"Me know," he said. "Me know. Bear plenty big, but me plenty big too. Me go and say to the bear, 'You are bad; very bad!' Then the bear will get angry and will run; me will run too. The bear he will run and run; then Little Musquash will come back plenty quiet. Bear not hear him."

"But you will be killed, Musquash," said Netta. "You must not make him run after you."

"Me!" grinned the Indian boy. "Me plenty big."

He crept off, and Netta and Bertie gazed down where the bear was turning over the stones, giving little wheezy grunts of satisfaction as he did so.

Suddenly something whizzed out of the bushes and hit the bear on the head. He looked very angry indeed as he sat on his hind-legs and looked around. He did not seem to see anything, for he settled down again, and turned over another stone. Then another missile came hurtling out of the bushes and hit him on the back. The bear whirled round, and, standing on his hind-legs, his fore-paws struck out fiercely. Then dropping down again he trotted slowly down the track.

Little Musquash led the bear on and on until Netta and Bertie could not see any more of him. Then Little Musquash came running very softly back, and told them the bear was far away, but they must make haste, because the bear might come back.

They did not need any more cautioning, but scrambled down and followed Little Musquash until he showed them the trail that they had lost, and which would lead them safely home again. Then, thanking him for driving the bear away and showing them the way home, they ran off as quickly as they could to the camp, and arrived just when their father was starting out in search of them.

The next day Little Musquash and his father appeared at the camp to announce that the bear had been killed, and the woods were quite safe again. Little Musquash was very proud of the part he had played. "Me am big, and the bear he plenty enough afraid of me." And his father was delighted to receive a supply of ammunition and a rifle as a present.

A Play made from a Story

THE TRAVELLING MUSICIANS; OR
THE WAITS OF BREMEN

(Continued)

Ass. I'm going to Bremen to become a musician, and this dog is going with me to help, and I think this cat is coming too.

Cock. What a delightful party you are, and how well you should be able to sing trios. I am not a bad performer myself. [Dances a step.

Cock-a-doodle-do,

Good morrow, friends, to you.

The sun to-day

Shall shine for play,

So what will children do?

Ass. Well, I never! A fine song! Are you free to join us? You would be a great addition to our party.

Dog. His antics savour of the stage.

Cat. That is just what we want.

Dog. I suppose you are out of a job to be wandering about like this?

Cock. I thought a change of air desirable before anything else happened. Why, I was standing on the wall, singing to say it was a fine day, when my mistress and the cook decided to make me into broth for the guests on Sunday, and if I had not come away there and then, into the pot I should have gone.

Cat. So you were to die by water, like the dog, only in his case it was to be cold water!

Cock. However, I'm not dead yet.

Cock-a-doodle-do,

Over the wall I flew,

Down the road I danced on my toes,

And whatever you like I'll do.

Ass. That's kind of you. Now we are a quartette. I don't know what you think about it, friends, but I am sleepy. What about settling down for the night?

Cat. I shall be quite happy up the tree. I suppose the dog will sleep on the ground at the bottom.

Dog. I am used to sleeping in a kennel.

Ass. Of course, I don't mind where I sleep, but there is a house over there.

Cock. A tree is good enough for me, but I prefer a rafter. As you say, there is a house, and I expect we could get shelter.

Dog [nervously]. I have never been used to begging.

Cat. I should have thought you *might* have learnt that accomplishment.

Dog. You mistake my meaning.

Ass. There is no need to beg. We will give a concert, and ask for lodging as payment.

Dog. An excellent idea. A rehearsal would give us

a means of testing the powers of our new members, so that we can assign them their proper parts.

[*Cat bridles.*]

Ass. Of course. But clearly you must be bass, I basso-alto, the cat soprano, and the cock falsetto.

Dog. We must arrange ourselves. That bench will do well. Pull it over to the house.

[*While this is being done the Cock jumps up and looks in through the window.*]

Cock. There are some men inside. They are playing cards for money. I think they are robbers.

Ass. Well, so long as they are rich, that's all we want. Now be quiet, so that our first notes may cause a sensation. I will give the signal.

Dog. I thought I was to be conductor?

Cat. If he is, I shan't sing.

Ass. All right. I'll give the sign this time. When we have a book the dog shall do so.

[*They take their places. The Ass waves his hoof.*]

[*All sing. !—!—!—!—!*]

Brigands [*off*]. Mercy on us! What is it?

Ass. They seem disturbed.

Dog. I think we had better get out of the way.

[*Animals draw back, and out run the Brigands, terrified, and cross the stage shouting.*]

Brigands. Let's hide. What was it? Enemies?

[*The Animals advance.*]

Ass. They seem to be a little surprised! Perhaps we started too suddenly with a chord. We might have led up to our grand effect by a solo, and then a duet.

Cat [*who is looking in through door*]. There is a nice fire. I'm going to sleep there. [*Enters the cottage.*]

Dog. She is very selfish in the way she takes first chance. Still, she has left me a mat—there, just behind the door. I'll go there. [*Exit to cottage.*]

Cock. I see a first-class rafter to perch on. I'm off.

[*Exit to cottage.*]

Ass. Well, now they are all suited, I'll see what I can find. A little straw in the yard would suit me best.

[*Exit at back of stage. Lights in house go out.*]

[*Re-enter the robbers, two together and then one and one.*]

1st Robber. Did you see anything?

2nd Robber. No; I did not see anything, but I felt a dreadful presence threatening to overwhelm me.

1st Robber. What do you mean by "felt"?

2nd Robber. Why, felt. I just felt it—a great black presence threatening me. I heard its dreadful voice.

1st Robber. Yes, so did I.

2nd Robber. A terrible danger threatens us.

1st Robber. Well, I could not see anything.

[*Enter 3rd Robber.*]

2nd Robber. Did you see anything?

3rd Robber. No. I did not see anything. I just ran because you others did.

[*Enter 4th Robber.*]

4th Robber. Have any of you found the attacker?

1st Robber. No. I don't believe there was anybody.

4th Robber. It was an organized attack by the police, but I believe their attack has been foiled.

1st Robber. Well, anyhow, they seem to have gone. Let's go back to the house.

2nd Robber. Impossible. There is an evil spirit there; a dangerous being. I'm not going back.

1st Robber. Well, I am. Has any one a candle?

3rd Robber. Yes [*gives it*].

1st Robber. I want a match.

3rd Robber. I haven't got such a thing.

1st Robber. All right. I'll light it at the fire.

2nd Robber. Be warned in time and do not go.

1st Robber. I'll light it straight at the fire.

[*Enters house—others watch. A cry and meow.*]

1st Robber [*entering hurriedly from door*]. A devil—a monster. My hand torn to ribbons!

2nd Robber. What did I tell you?

3rd Robber. What happened?

1st Robber. I just bent down to light my candle at two coals, and the old witch scratched me.

3rd Robber. You are nervous. Jack and I will go.

4th Robber. All right. As long as it's not the police.

2nd Robber. Be warned by me!

4th Robber. Don't you want a bed as much as the rest of us? Come on, man; we will see what's there.

[*Exeunt 3rd and 4th Robbers to cottage.*]

1st Robber. I wonder what will happen to them.

[*A bark is heard, and then a scream. Enter 3rd Robber from window. Then 4th Robber from door, holding his head.*]

2nd Robber. I told you so. What has happened?

3rd Robber. You were right. The place is haunted. A man stabbed my leg as I passed the mat.

4th Robber. A giant with a club struck me down.

2nd Robber. It is enchantment. We must flee.

1st Robber. Let us go.

3rd Robber. At once. I am badly hurt.

Cock. Cock-a-doodle do.

2nd Robber. Hark! Its voice—fly!

3rd Robber. It says, "Throw the rascal up here."

1st Robber. It's the devil, sure enough. Let us fly.

[*Exeunt in terror.*]

[*Enter the Animals.*]

Ass. We have a house now.

Cat. A jolly good house. How I scratched him!

Dog. How I bit him!

Ass. How I kicked him!

Cock. Cock-a-doodle-do!

[*Three cheers! They dance round and round.*]

[*Curtain.*]

The Builders of Long Ago

PART II.—GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE

I. EARLY ENGLISH

BY WINIFRED HAMMOND, F.R.H.S.

ROUND arches, round doorways, round windows, round "everything," in fact, even the "tubby" round pillars, you will remember, were the sort of work that the sturdy Norman builders made during the twelfth century.

But from that time onwards, right through several centuries, it was to be *pointed* arches, *pointed* doorways, *pointed* windows, and again *pointed* "everything," except that, as *pillars* can't be pointed, they were made as slender as possible.

I needn't tell you, that although pointed buildings were to be "fashionable" for three or four centuries, naturally during so long a period the builders tried



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH,
SMITHFIELD.

Showing Early English gateway with dog-tooth ornament, and "bell-turned-upside-down" capital.

to find even newer "fashions," with the result that the "points" were differently shaped according to the century in which they were made.

But whatever the century, as long as the windows, etc., are *pointed*, you can know at once that the building is *Gothic*; but when you have read the *Children's Paper* for the next two or three months, I

hope that you will be able to say which *kind* of Gothic it is.

I wonder if you ever feel as perplexed as I sometimes used to be when I was listening to a guide in a cathedral. It used to puzzle me when a guide in one building told the grown-ups that it was "Gothic," and yet, when we went to quite a different kind of

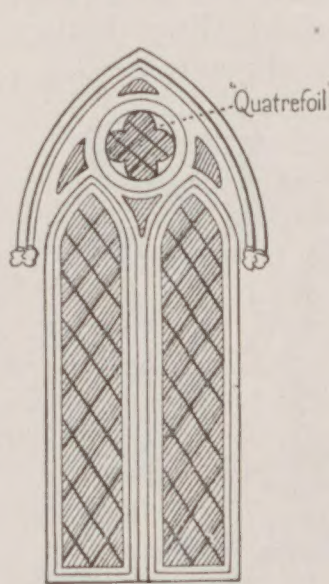


FIG. 1.

Two "lancet" windows under one arch, with "quatrefoil" in head.

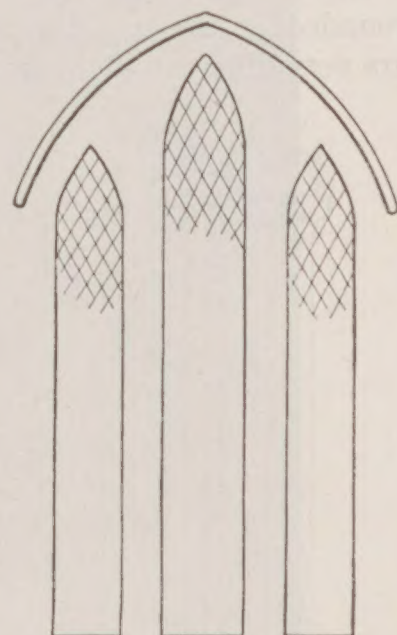


FIG. 2.

Three "lancets" under one arch.

building, another guide would say that that, too, was Gothic.

But though I thought one or other of them *must* be wrong, they were both right; and yet because I noticed that the two buildings were *different*, I was right too, for they *were* different; but they were both *Gothic*.

To-day I am only going to tell you about the first kind of Gothic church—those built by the men who lived immediately after the Norman period, very Early English; and then in the two following months I will tell you of the buildings reared by still later generations—namely, Decorated and Perpendicular. Dreadfully long names the two last, aren't they? but don't bother about them yet, except just to learn the centuries in which they were common.

Early English—thirteenth century—about 1189-1272.

Decorated—fourteenth century—about 1272-1380.

Perpendicular—fifteenth century—about 1380-1500.

You know the expression "to jump from one extreme to the other," don't you? Well! that is just what the thirteenth century builders did. They had just discovered how to arch over spaces without using a round Norman arch, so they at once started to build the most "pointed" arch that has ever been used in architecture; so we get the *very pointed* arch,

very pointed doorway, and very pointed window in the Early English buildings.

Early English Windows

Usually you can discover, even when at some distance, to what period a building belongs, by just looking at the shape of the windows.

In the Norman, you will remember, they were rounded at the top, but in the Early English they are very different—long, narrow, and pointed.

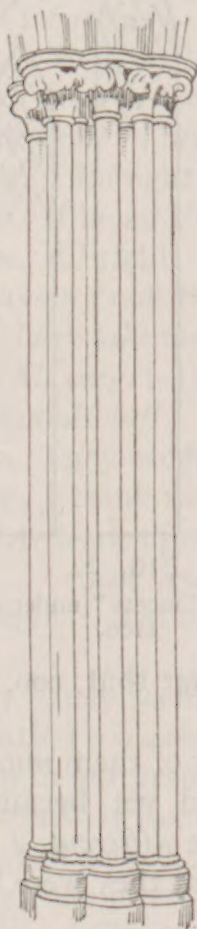


FIG. 3.
Early English pillar
consisting of several
"detached shafts."

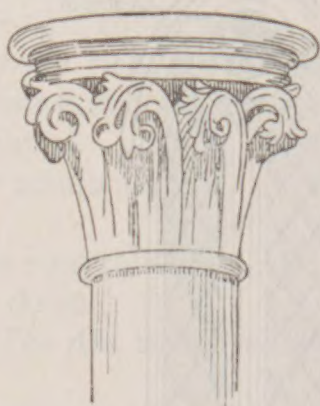


FIG. 4.
Round "abacus," and capital
with "stiff-leaf" foliage.

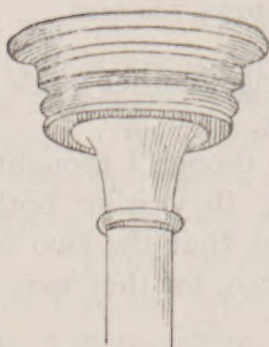


FIG. 5.
Round "abacus" and "bell-
turned-upside-down" capital.

Sometimes two, three, or even more of these "lancets," as they are called, are grouped together, so as to give the appearance of one big window (Figs. 1 and 2).

You know how lucky it is supposed to be to find a four-leaved clover, don't you? Now then, Latin and French scholars, here is a chance to air your knowledge! Because a three-leaved clover is a "trefoil" and a four-leaved clover a "quatrefoil," it is not very difficult for you to imagine that a tiny "four-leaved" window sometimes found over the long lancets is called a "quatrefoil" (Fig. 1).

Early English Pillars

Last month you learnt that Norman pillars were very round, short, and stumpy, so that the whole of the building looked "heavy"; but in the Early English period the buildings are very light and

graceful, largely due to the fact that the long slender pillars are not in one "lump," but made up of several slender columns joined to one another only at the top and bottom ("capital" and "base") (Fig. 3).

Early English Capitals.

The heavy Norman "cushion capital," too, gave place to a rounded one ornamented with a "bell turned upside down" (Fig. 5) or with "stiff-leaved" foliage. If you look at Fig. 4 you will hardly think that this is "stiff-leaved," but the "stiffness" only refers to the stalk. I want you to take special notice of this stiff stalk, because, though the "leaves" in next month's "Decorated" period are very like these of the Early English builders, the "stiff stalk" will at once tell you that you are looking at an Early English capital.

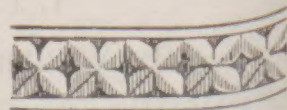


FIG. 6.
"Dog-tooth" ornament.

Dog-tooth Ornament

There still remains one important point, and that is the "dog-tooth" ornament. Each "dog-tooth" is really a tiny pyramid of four leaves meeting in a point, but separate below.

When a row of these little pyramids (especially if unusually sharp pointed) is looked at sideways, it is easy to understand why this form of decoration was called "dog-tooth."

As you will now be able to recognize an Early English church, I am sure that you will be anxious to see next month's magazine so as to learn how to know a "Decorated" building when you see one.

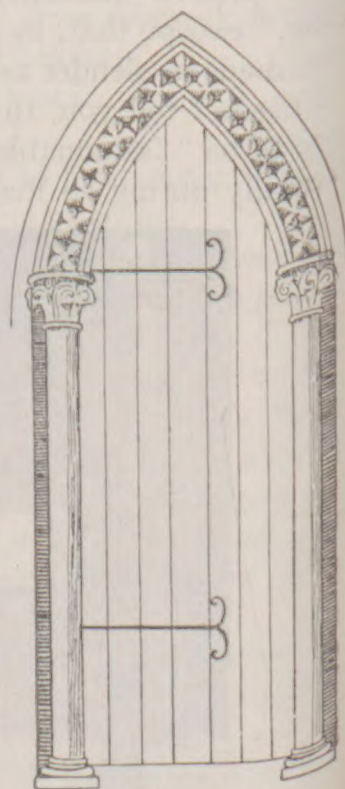


FIG. 7.
Early English pointed
doorway.

Motto for May

"I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

ANON.

Sent in by WILLIAM WATERWORTH,
National School, Adlington, Lancs,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.



THE BOYHOOD OF ST. CUTHBERT.

(From the picture by George Wetherbee, R.I. Copyright of the painter.)

Saint Cuthbert

A GREAT awe and joy filled the soul of Cuthbert as he gazed. Long after the last gleam of heavenly light had vanished, the last echo of the angels' songs had ceased, he knelt on there. This then was the glorious end of those who entered the service of God. "Fight the good fight; lay hold on eternal life;" was that an echo of the angels' song, or how was it that he seemed to hear the words spoken clearly in his ears?

With a cry Cuthbert sprang to his feet and ran back to the fire where the sleeping shepherds lay.

"Wake up, wake up," he cried, shaking them by the shoulders as he spoke. "How can ye sleep when ye might have beheld the vision of God's angels?"

The startled lads jumped up, wondering at first whether it might be an alarm of wolves or robbers, but even they were awed when they caught sight of Cuthbert's face and saw the light that shone upon it. With breathless interest they listened to the

tale he had to tell of the angels' visit and the soul they had carried up to God. What could it all mean? They wished that they too had spent the night in prayer, instead of sleeping there.

Early in the morning, as soon as it was light and he could leave the sheep, Cuthbert found his way to the nearest hamlet, and there he learned that Aiden, the holy Bishop of Lindisfarne, had died that night.

So it was the soul of the good Bishop whose glorious end, nay rather whose triumphant new beginning, had been heralded by the angel throng. Cuthbert was awed to think that his eyes had been permitted to gaze upon that wondrous vision, and he felt that it must surely be a sign that God had given ear to his prayers, and would accept him as His servant. It was a call to arms; there should be no delay. He was eager and ready to fight the good fight, to lay hold on eternal life.

Before very long all his plans were made. It was but a simple matter to follow the example of the disciples of old, to leave all and to follow the Master. Only the sheep were to be gathered into

the fold and their charge given up; only the little hut on the hillside to be visited, and a farewell to be said to the old nurse who dwelt there. Cuthbert had lost both father and mother when he was eight years old, and the old woman had taken charge of him ever since. She was sorely grieved to part with the lad, but she saw that his purpose was strong and that nothing would shake it. With trembling hands she blessed him ere he left her, and bade him not forget the lonely little hut on the hillside and the old nurse who had cared for him.

So at last all was ready, and Cuthbert set off down the hillside and along the little grey road that led to the monastery of Melrose, beside the shining silver windings of the Tweed.

Snow lay on all the hills around, and the wintry wind wailed as it swept past the grey walls and through the bare branches of the trees that clustered round the abbey. So mournful and so wild was the sound that it might have been the spirit of evil wailing over the coming defeat in store for the powers of darkness, when the young soldier should arrive to enrol his name in the army of God's followers.

At the door of the monastery a group of monks were standing looking down the darkening road for the return of one of the brothers. The prior Boisil himself was among them, and was the first to catch sight of a figure coming towards them with a great swinging stride. "A stranger," said one of the brothers, trying to peer through the gathering gloom.

"It is no beggar," said another. "Methinks it is a young knight. His steps are eager and swift, and he hath strong young limbs."

The prior said naught, but he too eagerly watched the figure as it came nearer. A strange feeling of expectancy had seized him. Something was surely about to happen which he had half unconsciously long waited for. Then, as the boy drew near and lifted his eager questioning eyes to the prior's face, the good man's heart went out to him.

"Behold a servant of the Lord." Very solemnly the words rang out as Boisil stretched out both hands in welcome, and then laid them in blessing upon the young fair head that was bowed before him.

The greeting seemed strange to the brethren gathered around. Who was this boy? What did their prior mean? But stranger still did the greeting sound in the ears of Cuthbert himself, and he could scarcely believe that he heard aright. "A servant of God:" did the holy man really mean to call him, the shepherd lad, by that great name?

"Father," he cried, almost bewildered, "wilt thou indeed teach me how I may become God's servant, for it is His service that I seek?"

The prior smiled kindly at the anxious face, and bade him enter the monastery in God's name.

"My son," he said, "there is much for thee to learn, much to suffer, much to overcome, but surely the victory shall be thine."

So Cuthbert entered the monastery and the gates were shut. The old life was left behind and the new life begun.

The prior himself taught the boy his new lessons, for his love for the lad grew stronger and deeper each day. Boisil felt sure there was a great future before the youth, and he often dreamed dreams of the greatness in store for him and the work that he should do for God in the world.

"Who knows," he would say, "what honour God hath in store for thee. If heaven sends dreams, then is thy future sure, for I have seen thee wearing the bishop's mitre and holding the pastoral staff."

As for Cuthbert himself, he was too busy to think much of dreams or make plans for the future. Just as he had played his boyish games with all his might, so now he threw his whole soul into the work of the monastery. Lessons, prayer, fast and vigil, all were diligently attended to, and it was pleasant to see his glad cheerfulness when he set to labour with his hands. The harder the task the more he seemed to enjoy it, and he rejoiced in the strength of his body which made him able to undertake much service. Although he now lived in the sheltered convent of the valley, his thoughts would often fly back, like homing birds, to the green hillsides, the glens and rocky passes, back to the little lonely weather-beaten hut where the old nurse lived. He never could forget the people who lived up there among the hills—poor shepherds, work-worn women and little children. It was a hard life they lived, with never a soul to bring them a message of hope or good cheer. Little wonder that their ways were often crooked and evil, and the thought of God but a far-off, dim, half-forgotten dream. Little wonder that black magic and witchcraft should still have power to enchain them in their ignorance and fearfulness.

The good prior often talked with the eager young brother about these wandering sheep, and when the time came he sent Cuthbert out with his blessing to work amongst the hills once more, to gather the flock into the true fold.

How well did Cuthbert know those steep mountain paths! With what a light heart did he find his way over the rough hillsides where no paths

were, to reach some cluster of huts where a few poor families lived, or even a solitary dwelling where some poor soul needed his care. There was something about the young monk that won a welcome for him wherever he went. Perhaps it was because he was so sure that all would rejoice to hear the message he brought; perhaps it was because he looked for the best in every one and so they gave him of their best.

From place to place Cuthbert went, and it mattered not to him how rough was the road or how terrific the storms that swept over the borderland. The snow might lie deep upon the hills, and he might be forced to spend the whole day without food, but no difficulty ever turned him back or forced him to leave one hut unvisited.

Far and near the people began to look anxiously for his coming, and to listen eagerly to his teaching. There was always much for him to do; many a tale of sin to listen to, many a sinner to be taught the way of repentance. There were children, too, to be baptized, and this was work which Cuthbert always loved. They were the little lambs of the flock to be specially guarded from the Evil One, who was ever prowling around to snatch them from the fold. The hut where the old nurse lived was often visited, for Cuthbert never forgot his friends.

There were other friends too that Cuthbert remembered and loved. His "little sisters the birds" soon learned to know and trust him again, and the wild animals of the hills grew tame under his hand. It is said that on one of his journeys, as he went to celebrate Mass with a little boy as server, they had finished all their food and were obliged to go hungry. Just then an eagle hovered above their heads and dropped a fish which it had just caught. The little boy seized it gladly and would have promptly prepared it for their meal, but Cuthbert asked if he did not think the kind fisherman deserved his share. The boy looked at the eagle and then at the small fish; but he knew what the master meant, so the fish was cut in half and the eagle swooped down to secure its share of the dinner.

There is another story told of the kindness shown by his furry friends to Saint Cuthbert, and it is a story which many people have remembered, even when the history of Saint Cuthbert's life has been wellnigh forgotten.

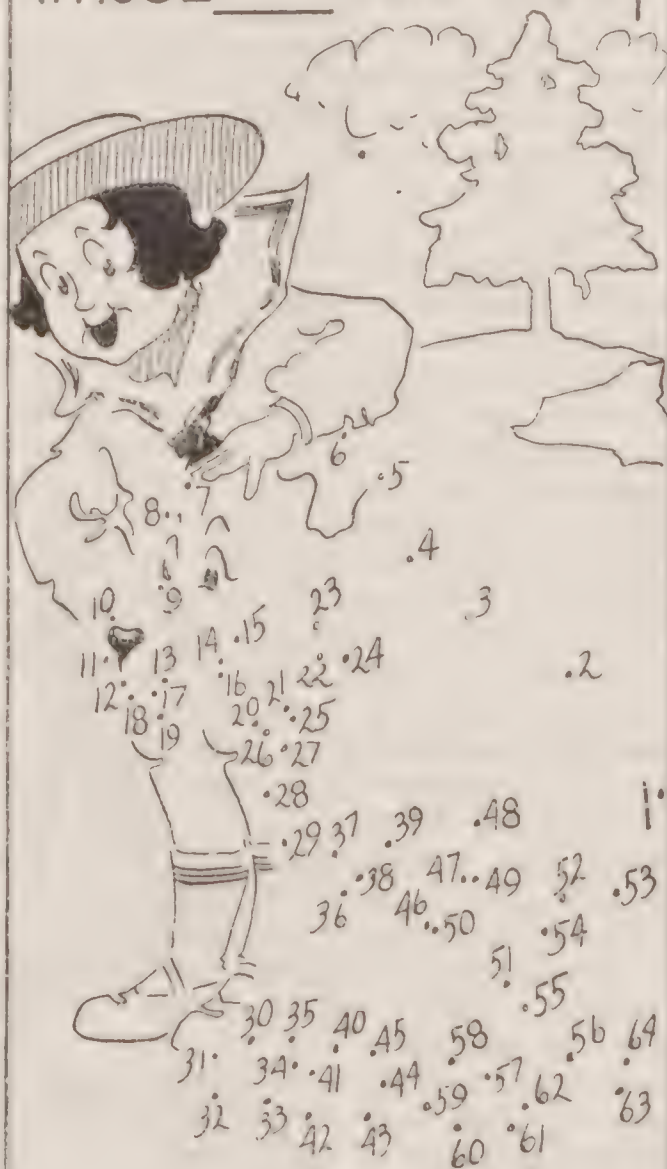
It was when Cuthbert went to visit the holy Abbess of Coldingham, that, as was his wont when night came on, he wandered out to say his prayers in silence and alone. Now one of the brothers had long been anxious to know how it was that Cuthbert

spent the long hours of the night, and so he stole down to the seashore and hid among the rocks, watching to see what would happen.

(To be concluded.)

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE

BOYY, WYOWY, WYOWY,
WYHOSE _____ ART THOU?



LITTLE
TOMMY TINKER'S _____
BOYY, WYOWY, WYOWY.

Beginning at the small dot at figure 1 draw a line to the small dot at figure 2, and from there to figure 3, and so on. You will then see what you will see.

The Secret Brotherhood

CHAPTER VI

THE AMATEUR GARDENERS

AFTER these two days of disasters the boys settled down again peacefully for a time; but then their mother became really ill and had to stay in bed, and Brian and Donald thought they had never had such a dull time before. There was still more than a week before Graham and Jim would be home again, and they wondered how they could possibly get through it. Mrs. Carlton was very kind to them, and took the whole family, even including Anne, for a picnic, which they all enjoyed very much in spite of a few minor mishaps, such as Ursula cutting her knee and Donald's hat blowing off into the pond.

The boys were having holidays now, and their father took them for one or two excursions, but he was too busy to give up much of his time to them, and they got very tired of amusing themselves all day long. Then one day, when they were turning out their toy cupboard, they came upon the document which they had drawn up about the Secret Brotherhood. It had quite gone out of their heads during the jolly time they had been having with Graham and Jim, but now they thought it would be a good idea to set to work and get some money as a foundation for Graham's fortune.

"We've got nothing we could sell," said Brian, looking round at the collection strewn about the floor, which he had just emptied out of the cupboard. "At least, nothing anybody would buy. I wish we could find a hidden treasure somewhere."

"That's not awfully likely to happen," said Donald. "People don't often leave them about where we'd be likely to find them. I think we shall have to earn the money. Do you remember all the ways Jim told us that he used to earn money before we found him?"

"He got most of it by his newspaper job. But he sometimes held horses for people, or swept snow in the streets. We couldn't do those things, because we mayn't go to the town."

"If we did go, we shouldn't be able to sweep much snow in August," remarked Donald.

"Oh, don't be an ass! In the summer I think he used to go and work in people's gardens, weeding and picking fruit, and that sort of thing."

"Yes, and sometimes he helped in a shop or

on a farm; but we wouldn't be allowed to do any of those things."

"No, I don't suppose we would, if we asked. But, anyhow, it's a secret, so we wouldn't have to ask. And it's all for a good cause," said Brian, not very hopefully. "If only we could think of something possible. We should have to get an awful lot of money to be any good. Oh, blow! I've been and sat on that engine and busted it!"

"Oh, you ass! It's mine, and it's the only one that wasn't bust already!"

"Sorry! But you never use it now. I'll tell you what, I'll give you my old water-can instead. It doesn't leak much, and I've got another."

"Thanks. All right. I say, why shouldn't we try the plan about weeding gardens?" suggested Donald, with a sudden inspiration. "We needn't go to the town for that, and there are lots of houses the other way, where the people wouldn't know us by sight. Of course I don't know the weeds by sight either, but p'raps that wouldn't much matter."

"We might be able to do that," said Brian, considering the suggestion. "We could put on our oldest clothes and look as shabby as we can. Jim told me once that it was the gardeners he used to ask at the big houses, not the people themselves, and the gardeners liked getting somebody else to do some of the work for them."

There was a pause while they were thinking about this scheme. Then Brian said,—

"Of course we can't go together. People would never take two boys at once like that, I should think. Besides, we'd be more likely to be recognized. We shall have to go separately."

"Oh, Brian, I don't think I'd like to go alone," said Donald, rather timidly. "Must we, really?"

"Funk!" answered his brother, briefly.

"Well, then, I know what I'll do," said Donald, after a little thought. "I'll go to that old Miss Allen at the Red House. I don't think I'd mind that. She looks a nice old thing, and I do want to see what her garden's like, inside that dear little door in the wall."

"All right, if you like, baby," Brian answered scornfully, though rather wishing he had thought of this for himself. The Red House garden had a high wall all round it, and was a place that had always attracted them when they had happened to catch a glimpse of it through the little doorway. Then he added, out of sheer bravado, "I shall go to Colonel Wilson's."

"Brian, you daren't!" exclaimed his brother. Colonel Wilson was a retired Indian officer, reported to have a ferocious temper, and the terror of all the children in the neighbourhood.

Brian wished, on second thoughts, that he hadn't said it, but it was too late to draw back now, when he had just called Donald a funk.

"Yes, I will," he said firmly. "And we'll both have to take the solemn oath of the Brotherhood that we really will go and try to do it. If you break it, you'll be turned out, and most awful things will happen to you."

Donald was duly impressed; but these threats were really to support Brian himself, who felt decidedly nervous about what he had undertaken.

It was still quite early in the morning, and they determined to begin at once. They put on their old boots and knickerbockers, while Nurse was safely out of the way with the little girls), and made their faces and hands sufficiently grubby to start with. Brian took a garden fork, and Donald a small rake, and then, having sworn their oaths with many mysterious rites and ceremonies, they set out on their adventures.

Brian did not go up the drive to the Colonel's house, but went round to a side gate and began to look about him to decide his plan of action. By good luck he caught sight of a gardener only a little way inside, and screwing up his courage he went boldly in. As it was the kitchen garden, and the man thought it very unlikely that his master would come round that way, he soon came to terms with the boy, and set him to pick some black currants, while he himself went and took a rest in the shade, for it was a very hot day.

Brian worked hard for nearly an hour, and felt that he had well earned the sixpence which the gardener had promised him. The basket was nearly full. Presently he heard footsteps on the path behind him, and thought it was the man coming back.

"Hullo! What the dickens are you doing here?"

Brian turned round with a start, and found himself face to face with the dreaded Colonel.

"Please, sir, the gardener said I might pick them for him," he said, rather timidly. "I wanted to earn something."

"Oh, did he? I shall have something to say to him about that. I pay him to do his work himself, not to bring any little ragamuffins into my garden to do it for him," and the Colonel looked exceedingly fierce and angry. But Brian's courage had returned, and he said boldly,—

"But he didn't bring me, sir. I asked him to let me do it. And I'm not a ragamuffin. I'm—I'm—" he hesitated, not wanting to give himself away, and rather afraid that he had done so already.

"You're a young impostor, that's what you are! Hold your head up, boy, and stand straight! I can see you are a gentleman's son, but I expect you came after my fruit. Who is your father? Come on, out with it!" And he looked so alarming, twirling his moustache and glaring at Brian, that the latter, now standing stiffly at attention, answered promptly,—

"Mr. Marston, sir."

"Hum! Upon my soul, you're a nice kind of parson's son!" And there followed a fierce harangue about getting money on false pretences, and being

little better than a thief and a swindler, until Brian longed to escape, but the Colonel was between him and the gate. He had to wait till his captor paused for breath, then he said hastily,—

"May I go now, please, sir?"

"Go? Yes. Clear out, by all means. But don't imagine that you've heard the last of this!" And with a final threatening flourish of his stick the Colonel moved off to deal with his gardener, and Brian ran as fast as he could out of the gate and down the road, until he was a long way past the Colonel's property. Then



he sat down under the hedge to think things over. He wondered if it had really been such an awful thing to do as the Colonel evidently thought, and he felt rather alarmed when he remembered the latter's parting words. He was still considering the question when he saw his brother coming cheerfully along the road, munching a large piece of cake, and with one hand tightly clutching something in his pocket.

"Hullo! What did you get? Look here!" and Donald proudly displayed a bright new shilling, and broke off a piece of the cake for Brian, not noticing how gloomy his brother looked. Brian accepted the cake and munched in silence while Donald eagerly poured out his story.

He had gone to the back door of Miss Allen's house, and a most pleasant maid had spoken to him and said that his offer to weed the garden was exactly what her mistress wanted, as the man only came one day a week and never did it thoroughly. Afterwards the old lady had come out and talked to him, and finally said he had worked very well and gave him the shilling, besides the cake and a glass of milk. So he was feeling extremely pleased with himself.

When he stopped, Brian said, looking very glum,—

"I only got a jolly good row. And I'd done all the work, too, for nothing." He told his story, and Donald remarked, unsympathetically,—

"Well, I told you you were an ass to go there. I expect he'll write a letter to Daddy."

"Oh, I say! Do you think he meant that? But I don't see why Dad should mind. We didn't mean to be naughty, and we wanted the money for Graham, not for us."

"P'raps we'd better tell Daddy about it ourselves first," suggested Donald. "Then it wouldn't matter so much if he does write."

"Oh no; 'cos the old chap might not write, and then we should have got in a row for nothing. If it's as bad as he said, there'd be an awful row. Only I can't see why it was naughty. Besides, it's a secret, you know. We don't want to give it away unless we have to."

So they decided to wait and see what happened, and hoped that Colonel Wilson had not meant anything by his threat. But when they were just finishing dinner a note was brought in for their father.

"From Colonel Wilson, sir," said the maid, as she handed it to him.

"Colonel Wilson!" said Mr. Marston, as he opened the letter. "What can he be writing about, I wonder?"

The boys looked at each other anxiously, but said nothing.

"Hullo! what's all this?" exclaimed their father, and he read the letter aloud.

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to inquire whether you are aware that one of your sons has had the impertinence to come and beg for work from my gardener, expecting to be paid for it, and, in fact, trying to obtain money under false pretences. That, at least, is what I gathered from himself and from the man's explanation; but personally I think it much more probable that he came to help himself to my fruit.

"I put this matter into your hands, trusting that you will deal with the offender in a suitable way, and only venturing to suggest that a sound thrashing appears to me the most satisfactory method of meeting the case.

"I shall be glad to have an assurance from you that I shall not be imposed upon by your son in such a manner again.

"Yours faithfully,

"PETER WILSON."

The boys listened to the letter in silence, waiting to see how their father would take it. When he came to the end, and looked to them for an explanation, Donald said, with a sigh,—

"What an awful lot of long words! Why can't he say what he means shorter?"

"Don't be cheeky, Donald. I suppose one of you can tell me what all this means. Which of you was it?"

"It was me," said Brian. "But, really, we didn't mean to be naughty, Daddy, and, of course, I wouldn't go and steal his fruit. Besides, it was only black currants!"

"What were you doing in his garden, then?"

"It's rather difficult to explain, because it's a secret. But it's true what he says. I wanted to earn some money."

"What for?"

"You see, we're a Secret Brotherhood. Me and Donald and Jim. But I'd rather not tell you what it's about, because it's awfully private."

"I'm afraid, now you've got yourselves into this tangle, Brian, I ought to be told about it. If there is really no harm in it, I'll keep your secret; but I can't have you going about trying to get money out of absolute strangers. I don't wonder the Colonel was annoyed."

"It's a Secret Brotherhood to help Graham, Daddy. You know, before Jim came, he was like Mr. Graham's son, and he was his heir; but now there's Jim, Graham won't have nearly so much money, or the house, or anything. And so, as it was our fault about finding Jim and all that, we wanted to try to make it right for him in some way."

Mr. Marston looked rather puzzled over this story. Then he suddenly laughed outright.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you thought you were going to collect enough money for Graham to live upon?"

"Well, p'raps not quite enough to live on, but to help him a bit. Of course, we knew it would take a long time."

"A long time! I should think so! I'm sorry for Graham if he's to be entirely dependent on your efforts."

The boys were relieved to find that their father seemed to consider it a great joke. But after a minute or two he became serious again, and said,—

"But, Brian, although I believe that you didn't mean to be naughty, you ought to have had more sense than to do a thing like this! Were you in it too, Donald?"

"Yes. But I went to the Red House, and Miss Allen let me weed some of her flower-beds, and she gave me a shilling, and some cake and milk."

"I say, this is really beyond a joke! What will the neighbours think of us if you boys go about doing this kind of thing? I think, Brian, the only thing to be done is for you to go and apologize to the Colonel."

"Daddy! But that would be simply awful!"

"I admit I'm rather sorry for you, but I'm afraid it must be done. You see, if one gentleman offends another, that is the only way out of it. And you evidently have offended him, whether you meant to or not."

"And what about me and Miss Allen?" asked Donald, while Brian was gloomily considering this view of the matter. "Must I apologize too? Only she wasn't offended."

"Did she know who you were?"

"Oh no."

"Well, I think that's rather a different case. I dare say she would have done just the same if she had known all about it. I'll put it right with her next time I see her. But you can go and support Brian at his interview if you like, unless he prefers to go alone."

"I think I'd like Donald to come too," said Brian. "But whatever shall I say, Daddy?"

"That's your affair. I'll write an answer to this note for you to take with you, and I won't give away your secret, except to say that you were trying to earn the money for a good purpose. You'd better go now, and get it over as quickly as possible. Make yourselves quite tidy first, and do try to behave yourselves."

(To be continued.)



SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"



Porter (at junction where all change for Glasgow, Perth, and Paisley). "Are any of you here for Perth, Paisley, or Glasgow?"

Train moves off.

Old Lady. "I was for Glasgow myself, but I wasna going to tell yon speiring body."

Sent in by KATHERINE H. McELDERRY,
Ardgiana, Galway, Ireland.

+ + +

Old Lady. "I suppose you sailors are very careful when you go to sea."

Sailor. "Not at all, mum. We try to be as wreckless as possible."

Sent in by GLADYS ROPER,
126 Elborough Street, Southfields, S.W.18.

+ + +

AN old lady, leaving church after service, which had been attended by a crowded congregation: "If everybody else would only do as I do, and stay quietly in their seats till every one has gone out, there would not be such a crush at the door."

Sent in by MARY HASSALL,
Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

+ + +

Two small boys were puzzling their brains to invent a new game. At last one of them said eagerly, "I know, Billy; let's see who can make the ugliest face."

"Garn! No fear," was the reply. "Look what a start you've got!"

+ + +

"You, boy, over in the corner!" cried the master

The boy in the corner shot up like a bolt.

"Answer this," said the master. "Do we eat the flesh of the whale?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," faltered the scholar.

"And what," pursued the examiner, "do we do with the bones?"

"P-please, sir," responded the boy, "we l-leave them on the s-s-sides of p-plates."

Sent in by S. VANSTONE-WALKER,
39 Wincanton Road, Southfields, S.W.18.

+ + +

"TOMMY," said his mother, "you are not to play with Johnny next door; he is naughty."

Five minutes later, Tommy called out to Johnny, "Mother says I'm not to play with you—you're naughty. So you come and play with me; I'm not naughty!"

Sent in by HILDA BOURNE,
Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



The Rose that didn't Grow

(Continued)

MANY other pixies brought yellow powders and yellow dust for the paint, and when they were all ready, they were shaken into a glass jar, and stirred up with frosted cobwebs to make them sticky. The yellow fairy paint gleamed through the glass, a glorious colour that glistened and shone curiously.

"Artis! Artis!" called the excited pixies. "Come here quickly, and look!"

Artis came forward slowly. He was a queer little dreamy fairy, with big ears and deep brown eyes that saw many things no other fairy could see. He carried a big palette and many brushes.

"What a beautiful colour!" he cried in astonishment as he saw the glass jar. "Oh! give me some to use for my painting!"

"Yes, we will, if you'll do something for us!" said the pixies. "See, we want you to paint our white roses yellow for us. Will you?"

"Of course I will," promised Artis, picking up the jar. "I'll begin at once. I'd love to do that!" and off he hurried into the pixie rose garden. He settled himself down by the wall, in the shade, and began carefully to paint a large rosebud.

Now, over the wall, in a little higgledy-piggledy house, lived a tiny gnome. His name was Acaulis, and he was very excited when he heard that the King wanted a yellow rose.

"I'll look at the rose tree in my garden," he said to himself, and hurried home to see.

But alas! his rose tree was dead!

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sighed Acaulis;

"now what shall I do? I *must* take a yellow rose to the King somehow or other!"

He sat and thought for a long time—and then, as he had many a time done a good turn to the Simple Witch, who lived away in the hills, he decided to go and ask her help.

When he arrived at her cottage she was busy undoing a purple packet.

"Good morning," said she. "I know what you want, so don't bother to tell me. I'll help you if I can."

"Good morning, and thank you," answered Acaulis politely, quite used to the queer ways of the witch.

"Now, look," said the Simple Witch suddenly. "Here are some yellow seeds from the land of Makebelieve. I am going to give you one, Acaulis, for you have often been kind to me. If you follow all my directions carefully you will have a beautiful yellow rose, far more beautiful in colour, shape, and smell than any other."

"You are very kind indeed," said Acaulis gratefully. "Tell me what I must do."

The Simple Witch threw one of the yellow seeds into a pot over the fire, and stirred it about, while she chanted a magic song.

"Sweet and mellow,
Rich and yellow;
Even so
May you grow,"

sang the Witch. Then she picked out the seed again and gave it to Acaulis.

"Plant it," she said. "Water it with honey and dew on each Friday evening just before sunset. If you miss watering it, it will not grow properly. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Acaulis gratefully, and ran off as fast as he could to plant the magic seed.

He planted it, and then went to buy a pot of honey from the Bee-Woman, so that when Friday came he could water it with dew and honey.

(To be concluded.)

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than **May 21** will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for May

For all Ages up to Fifteen

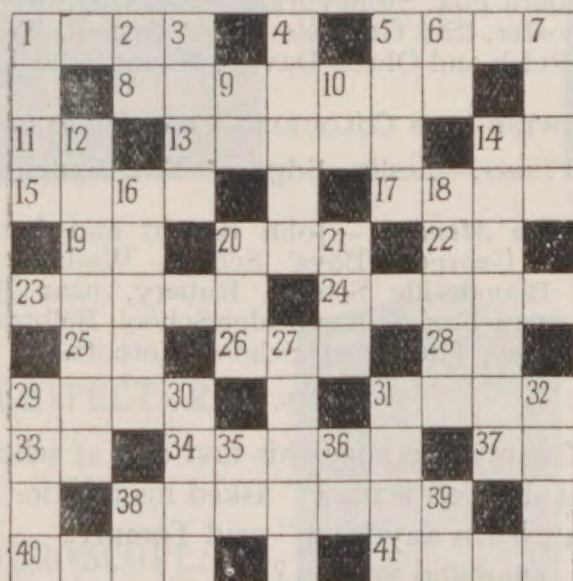
ESSAY COMPETITION

Suppose you were asked to organize a day's outing for your class in school. Describe your plans.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a piano, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. A fresh-water fish. | 22. Referring to the King. |
| 5. A piece of timber. | 23. Reality. |
| 8. A country in Asia. | 24. One who purchases. |
| 11. Negative answer. | 25. Preposition. |
| 13. A tree. | 26. What we can't live without. |
| 14. A section of the army. | 28. Manuscript. |
| 15. Covet. | 29. Grooves. |
| 17. Ages. | 31. Used by farmers. |
| 19. Each (abbr.). | 33. You and me. |
| 20. River of North England. | 34. Implied. |

37. In this manner.
38. A moving force.

40. Deceive.
41. Red.

DOWN

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Fruit of the pine. | 18. Poetry. |
| 2. God of the sun. | 20. An exclamation. |
| 3. Victim. | 21. North British Railway. |
| 4. Part of a bicycle. | 27. Princes of Peru. |
| 5. The head of a family. | 29. Waterside plant. |
| 6. One of the United States (abbr.). | 30. River in Hades. |
| 7. Laments. | 31. Commotion. |
| 9. A thousand and fifty. | 32. A fish. |
| 10. Point of the compass. | 35. One. |
| 12. Oppressive. | 36. Imperial Majesty (ab.). |
| 14. An ancient Egyptian king. | 38. Familiar term for father. |
| 16. To brag. | 39. Company. |

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Whether would you rather be a member of a large family or an only child? State your reasons.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a lamb and its mother, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

JUMBLED TOWNS

Each of the following groups of letters represents the name of a town in Europe. When you have found them all, tell where each town is situated and for what it is noted.

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 1. EODNST. | 7. AAECGHLNR. |
| 2. EEUCLNR. | 8. AEUCLRRS. |
| 3. AAULPS. | 9. IOBLNS. |
| 4. AARPST. | 10. AEUBCTHSR. |
| 5. IUBCNNKRS. | 11. EEOCFNLR. |
| 6. EEEINNSTT. | 12. AAAECGRNT. |

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress describing the kinds of games you most enjoy.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a kitten, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for March

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Marie McCready, Hillsboro, Co. Down. Alex. Beatson, 23 Spence Street, Possilpark, Glasgow. Pauline Wylde, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham. Edna Gray, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden Hall, Harpenden, Herts.

Honourable Mention.—William Waterworth, National School, Adlington, Lancs; Frances Wigley and Phyllis Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Ethna Megaw, Rosetta, Belfast; Ivy F. Reece, St. Dominic's School, Harpenden; Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne

Council School; Jack Armstrong, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Joseph Pierce, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Charles Davies, National School, Adlington, Lancs. Frances Wigley, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

Honourable Mention.—Jack Fairhurst, National School, Adlington; Winnie Mills, Mount School, Kersal; R. G. Clough and John Charnock, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

O	A	S	I	S		Q	U	A	I	L
N	E	E	D		D		S	I	D	E
I	O	N		G	E	M		M	E	T
O	N		C	O	P	E	C		S	T
N		L	O		A		R	A		S
	R	E	C	U	R	R	E	N	T	
M		O	K		T		S	D		H
A	T		S	L	U	Y	S		B	Y
P	A	W		A	R	E		N	O	D
L	I	A	R		E		M	O	O	R
E	L	D	E	R		P	A	R	M	A

Many of our readers were successful in finding the correct solution to this puzzle, and the list of names printed below represents those who sent the neatest correct solutions.

Prize-Winners.—John A. Ure, 85 Stewarton Drive, Cambuslang. Kathleen Getty, 15 Cliftonpark Avenue, Belfast. James Holmes, St. Vincent's School, Beacon Lane, Liverpool. Jean McAlister, 6 Esdale Terrace, Coleraine.

Honourable Mention.—Norman Smyth, Belfast; John Thorne and Ivy Karn, St. James's School, Taunton; Winifred M. Mattocks, Gillingham; Elsie G. Malloch, Edinburgh; B. M. Gore Booth, Lissadell, Sligo; Betty McCallum, Ilford; Fred Berry, National School, Adlington; J. S. Rind, Dale, Milford Haven; Maurice Broad and Phyllis Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Edith Reilly, Belfast; Hazel Ellis, Howth; Dorothy Gilbertson, Sheffield; Marjorie Cooke, Little Hulton, near Bolton; Patricia Labram, Norbury, S.W.16; Lorna Falconer Ogilvie, Stewarton; Molly Pascall, South Norwood; John Bulchin, Southfields, S.W.18; Ray Bauchop, Pollokshields, Glasgow; John P. MacIlwaine, Newtown Stewart, Tyrone.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Barbara Morgan, 10 Knivet Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6. Rosemary Easton, Hopeleigh, Fairhope Avenue, Pendleton, Manchester. Philip John Tyler, The Fydeil School, Morcott.

Honourable Mention.—Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Lily Miles, Coppermill Road School, Walthamstow; Ella Scott, Cluny; John Maxwell, Humble; Betty Butler, Blanchville School, Rubery; Mary Mathieson, Glasgow; Charles W. D. Scotcher, Southfields, S.W.18; Dorothy Mary Wike, Mount School, Kersal; Connie Hunter, Fulham, S.W.6.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Frank J. Ferguson, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay. Matthew Stevenson, Glenview, Chapelhall. Matthew Balshaw, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Edward Callan, National School, Adlington; Albert Hallows, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; Mary Rutherford, Upper Clapton; Robert Irvine, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington.

HIDDEN GEMS COMPETITION

The gems were as follows: 1. Diamond; 2. Ruby; 3. Pearl; 4. Garnet; 5. Agate; 6. Emerald; 7. Moonstone; 8. Topaz; 9. Beryl; 10. Jade.

The following competitors found all the gems and gave the best description of them.

Prize-Winners.—Anna E. McFetridge, The Temple, Aghadowey, Co. Derry. Charles W. D. Scotcher, 100 Replingham Road, Southfields, London, S.W.18. Muriel Matthew, 4 Sedgeford Road, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12. Leslie Popham, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey.

Honourable Mention.—Neville Sanderson, London; Lorna Falconer Ogilvie, Stewarton; Fred Livingstone, Belfast; Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; John Knight, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Joan Trimble, The Battery, Enniskillen; Ruth Manuel, Dewsbury; Rosemary Easton, Pendleton, Manchester; Kathleen Mary Shaw, Saintfield.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Frank Smith, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Dora Mitchell, Coppermill Road School, Walthamstow, London, E.17.

Honourable Mention.—Brenda Deakin, Blanchville School, Rubery; Kenneth Riley, The Fydeil School, Morcott; Hannah Cottingham, National School, Adlington; Barbara Fox, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Reggie Foster, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Marjorie Reich and Olwen Davies, Mount School, Kersal.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winner.—Leslie Edgson, The Fydeil School, Morcott.

Honourable Mention.—John Knight and Jack Armstrong, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; May Webster, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham; Barbara Fox, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Kenneth Riley, The Fydeil School, Morcott.

✦ ✦ ✦

LITTLE Tommy had spent his first day at school.

"What did you learn?" asked his auntie.

"Didn't learn anything," said Tommy.

"Well, what did you do?"

"Didn't do anything. A woman wanted to know how to spell cat, and I told her."

In the war, if a lieutenant was passing a message to another lieutenant, he had to pass it along a row of soldiers. Once, a lieutenant passed the message. "We are going to advance, can you lend us some reinforcements?" By the time the second lieutenant had got it, it was, "We are going to a dance, can you lend us three and fourpence?"

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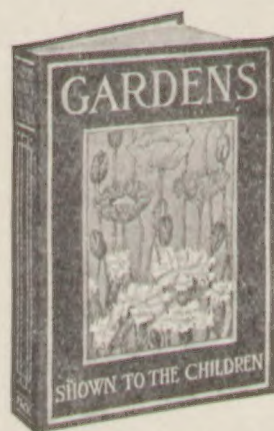
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Age last Birthday.....